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PRICE ONE CENT.

THE EVENING WORLD

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1888.

BRING BACK THE BOY!

Three Homes Are Waiting for JOSE SHEPHERD, The Exiled Orphan.

"Why Should He Be in Illinois?"

LET JUSTICE BE DONE.

PRICE ONE CENT.

5 O'CLOCK EXTRA

BRING BACK THE BOY.



Much Sympathy Aroused by the Story of the Exiled Orphan.

Mr. Grant's Affidavit of Willingness to Adopt Him.

The Committee's Action Based on Insufficient Evidence.

A Peculiar Explanation Made by Supt. Carpenter.

The remarkable case of Joseph Shepherd, the orphan, detailed in yesterday's EVENING WORLD has speedily and thoroughly aroused public sympathy and indignation. It was the talk of the town last night, and the universal expression of opinion was that the boy should be immediately returned by the Juvenile Asylum to the relatives and friends, who are both able and anxious to care for and educate him.

Letters are already pouring into THE EVENING WORLD from the fathers and mothers of New York, remonstrating against the action of the Juvenile Asylum committee in sending the child to the West and refusing to return him to his natural protectors. "Bring back the boy" is the burden of all these communications, and the indications are that this injustice, unless speedily righted, will grow into a public demand for the revision of the loose charity laws that render possible such a miscarriage of justice.

ALL THE MORE REMARKABLE. It is, of course, recognized on all sides that the Juvenile Asylum does a vast amount of commendable work, and that the gentlemen on the Directory Board have only the welfare of their charges at heart. But on this very account the case of Joseph Shepherd is held to be all the more extraordinary.

The facts in the matter are deemed to be so clear that there is little room for discussion. The relatives of the boy have been endeavoring for a year to secure his release. A grand mother and two uncles are able and willing to support him.

Moreover, Mr. Andrew Grant, of 530 West Thirty-ninth street, has been and is desirous of adopting him. That there can be no doubt on this particular point, THE EVENING WORLD has secured the affidavit of Charles D. Adams, Chairman, Joseph F. Joy, Charles O. Peck, John M. Slade, John F. Plummer, John Byers, Daniel J. Holden, Gustav H. Schvab, Murray Williams and William B. Taylor. They are a well-known business men and lawyers of this city, and are the most active of the twenty-four gentlemen who compose the Board of Directors of the institution. They have all signed the affidavit, and the building in Thirtieth street every other Monday evening. Mr. Joy presided at the meeting at which the little Shepherd boy was sent West.

At the meeting a number of cases came before the committee for disposal, and, as Mr. Adams, who is a prominent lawyer, says, they are usually decided upon evidence that is furnished by the Superintendent, Mr. E. O. Carpenter, and the greatest care is usually taken to obtain the fullest information in regard to family and antecedents of a child before he is sent away.

"If there appears to be anybody who wants to take care of the child and is able to do so," says Mr. Adams, "we are only too glad to have him taken over our hands. There was no such evidence before us in this case."

THE INDUSTRIOUS COMMITTEE. The committee on Indentures, which had charge of the case of Joseph Shepherd, as well as all other children who are sent West from the institution, is composed of Charles D. Adams, Chairman, Joseph F. Joy, Charles O. Peck, John M. Slade, John F. Plummer, John Byers, Daniel J. Holden, Gustav H. Schvab, Murray Williams and William B. Taylor. They are a well-known business men and lawyers of this city, and are the most active of the twenty-four gentlemen who compose the Board of Directors of the institution. They have all signed the affidavit, and the building in Thirtieth street every other Monday evening. Mr. Joy presided at the meeting at which the little Shepherd boy was sent West.

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But the pertinent question is asked, and is likely to be repeated, "Does Mr. Carpenter's neglect or absent-mindedness justify the re-

READY TO ADOPT THE BOY.

An Important Affidavit by Mr. Andrew Grant, Which is Respectfully Referred to the Directors of the Juvenile Asylum.

City and County of New York, ss:

Andrew Grant, being duly sworn, says, he resides at No. 530 West Thirty-ninth street in the City of New York. That he is manager of the Consolidated Tea Store at No. 563 Ninth Avenue, and that he is ready to accept the child, Joseph Shepherd, and bring him up in his own family, as soon as he is given the custody of the said child, by the Juvenile Asylum, into whose charge it has been committed in May 1887. He further swears that he has been ready and willing to adopt the said Joseph Shepherd at any time within the past year.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of June 1888.

Notary Public.

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YALE AND HARVARD EIGHTS.

Their Great Annual Race at New London To-Day.

NEW LONDON, Conn., June 29.—10.30 A. M.—The weather is very cloudy, and the northeast wind blowing nearly nine miles an hour. The crowds of collegians which have been coming into town from all parts of the country for the past few days, rigged out in the sporting regalia peculiar to students, are busily engaged in putting up their fathers' shaks, arguing the merits of their favorites, and pronouncing anathemas upon the wind and weather. For this is the day set for the annual race of the Yale and Harvard eight-oared crews.

But despite the possible postponement of the great race on account of the unfavorable weather of the day, everything is in readiness for the contest.

"Capt." Bob Cook has sung his wonted and yearly praise of the Harvard eight, has fixed the winner's time at 19 seconds, has spoken of Yale's heavy weight, will not allow that the Yale crew will make but slight difference, if any, in her time.

That the Yale will win this afternoon seems to be the impression of nearly everybody. The betting this morning is on Yale, with odds of 10 to 7. Some bets are said to have been made at 5 to 3.

Few Harvard men are in town. Two Yale Juniors are departing for the loss of \$100 which they bet with a Boston bookmaker, who at once pocketed the money and jumped the town. The students suspected he had gone to New York on a Norwich boat.

Wooden Yale's heavy weight, will not allow that the Yale crew will make but slight difference, if any, in her time.

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DUCHESS LILLIAN.

The Duke of Marlborough Weds Mrs. Hamersley.

Mayor Hewitt Performs the Ceremony at His Office.

A Democratic Marriage, Without Bridesmaids or Groomsmen.

Mayor Hewitt Allowed to Kiss the Blushing Bride.

There were no wedding bells. No melodious march. No orange blossoms. No pious parson, and no gathering of rustling silks and swallows.

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MISS GWYNNE'S MARRIAGE.

Bridegroom Gill Says that It Was Private at Her Request.

Mr. William Fearing Gill, who was privately married to Miss Edith Olive Gwynne, a sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, on Tuesday evening in Miss Gwynne's apartment at 80 Madison avenue, told an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning that he expected to start at 1 P. M. to-day to join his wife and her sister, Cetti, at Narragansett Pier, where they went Wednesday.

The marriage occurred at 10 o'clock. The two persons united had been engaged for some time, but the time and place and the wedding were determined by the bride very suddenly.

She and her sister had planned to spend some time this summer at Narragansett Pier, and the wedding was to be held there. The bride-to-be was changed her mind, however, and decided upon the wedding at the apartment at 80 Madison avenue, after which she was to go to Seiler's Island, at the mouth of the Kennebec River, with her husband, and her sister was to go to Narragansett.

Tuesday afternoon these plans were upset by a telegram from the friend saying that it would be impossible for her to go to Narragansett.

The names of the minister and witnesses to the wedding are carefully withheld. Mr. Gill would only say that the event was very private.

The bride was married in an unpretentious travelling costume of a burnt orange and brown trimmings. She is a brunette, thirty years old, tall and well formed.

Her husband is a New York City business man. He expects to stay at Narragansett a few days and then spend the rest of the summer with his bride on Seiler's Island, after which he will go to Seiler's Island, after which he will go to Seiler's Island.

He says he will live in the La Plaza Hotel at Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue.

The privacy of the wedding was my wife's wish, she said. She desired to do it away and her wish was gratified. She also wished the wedding to take place before she went away.

There was a little ripple of laughter, for the Mayor was getting mixed, and he incontinently planted a kiss upon the lips of the blushing bride, while everybody else wished he was Mayor.

There was a little embarrassing silence just here, and the Mayor relieved it by turning to Tom Costigan, who was standing behind the Mayor's desk as much as he could be said to be standing "behind" anything, and said:

"Now, Costigan, now's your chance!" The heavyweight politician showed half an acre of white teeth, and said to the Mayor, "The friends present at the ceremony were Mr. Costigan, Webb, who officiated as Mayor, and Mr. Leonard Jerome, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mr. Beckwith, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Jerome, and Mr. and Mrs. Spedden. Here is a copy of the contract:

Groom's Name—George Charles Spencer, Duke of Marlborough. Born—Blenheim, Woodstock, England; age forty-five.

Bride's Name—Miss Edith Olive Gwynne. Born—New York City; age thirty-five.

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5 O'CLOCK EXTRA

WAS SHE KIDNAPPED?

Pretty Four-Year-Old Helen Wahlberg Missing.

Her Distracted Parents Searching the City for Her.

She was Missing on the Steep When Last Seen, and Her Father Believes That Some One Attracted by Her Beauty Has Carried Her Off—The Central Park Lake and Reservoirs Drugged—The Police Aiding Wahlberg in the Search.

Nothing so appeals to the tender sympathies as the sorrow of a mother at the loss of her child, and when that loss is not by death its sadness is multiplied.

Mrs. Christian Ross, the mother of Charlie Ross, whose disappearance from the little world that knew him was complete, mourned with a heart-rending grief, and died of a broken heart. The father, having spent his small fortune in the fruitless search for his boy, still lives, but with spirits broken.

And Charlie Ross, now grown to manhood, among strangers, is probably unaware of his own name, and the sorrow of which he is the object. The whole nation grew sympathetic during the search for Charlie Ross, and grieved with the parents.

And what I fear to be a parallel case occurs in this city.

Pierre August Wahlberg, his wife and two children, Helen Maria and Flora, came to this country from Sweden a year ago, and a few weeks since another little one was born to them. They lived on the upper floor of the house 187 East Eighty-seventh street, and the father worked as a furniture-maker at Maco's factory in East Houston street.

Contented with themselves, the little family have never learned to speak the English language, and know only a few brief words. Helen would be four years old in October next. She was a beautiful, sunny-haired, plump little girl. Her great, round eyes were blue and deep as the sea. They were fringed with long, heavy lashes, and peered out from a round, plump face.

Helen had been permitted to sit on the doorstep at the foot of the stairs, and there, two or three times this summer, and had been the object of much admiring attention from passers-by. And all this warmed the mother's heart of the child.

From the neighboring children Helen had learned to say "Hello!" she could say "upstairs" when she desired to return to the family room, and could bid her new playmate "good-by" in a sweet, musical voice. But that was the extent of her English vocabulary.

Little Helen sat on the doorstep at 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning merrily humming to herself. And mamma Wahlberg sat her there from the window above.

But five minutes it had been, and then again, the mother's eyes could not discern the babe, and she had not been seen since by any one who knew her.

Inquiry was made among the neighbors, but no one had seen the child. When August came home at night to his heartbroken wife, and told her Helen was lost he became quite distracted.

Without waiting for dinner he set out on a search, which has not ceased yet. He walked down one side and up the other of every street from Ninetieth to Forty-second, peering in at every window from Park avenue to East River, but no glimpse has he caught of his little one.

The father visited the Central Park station and Police Headquarters, and a general alarm was sent out, but not until last night.

Helen could tell her own name, which is pretty much the same in English and in Swedish. She pronounces it "Helen Maria Wahlberg." She wore on Wednesday a garret waist and killed skirt; well-worn, but not ragged, button shoes; drawers and red stockings. Her hair was cut in a bob, and short in front and worn long and straight combed on her shoulders.

She wore a mixed straw sailor hat, with dark red ribbon of the same color, and very light, and on the centre of her forehead, at the roots of the hair, is a scar, marked as a baby.

On her right arm are three vaccination marks, about one and a half inches apart, and forming a triangle. She was vaccinated in Sweden, and the scars are nearly as large as pennies.

An EVENING WORLD reporter called at the house this morning. He found Mrs. Wahlberg, a tall, motherly woman, with wavy chestnut hair, walking the floor with a babe in her arms. She could not speak a word of English, but there was in her mute face the suffering and grief of a mother robbed of her child.

Her eyes betokened much weeping and lack of sleep. Through Mrs. Jansen, a neighbor, who acted as interpreter, Mrs. Wahlberg gave the description above.

Her mother had conjured up all sorts of misadventures which might befall her child, and she was almost frantic.

The park police had been asked to drag the lake and reservoirs, but the nearest lake to the home of the Wahlbergs